just terminated in the early half of the Both sides had things to learn, and learned them in a school whose logic is final-a four years' course in the University of Hell-the scream of eagles, the howl of wolves, the bay of tigers, the roar of lionsall locked in Death's embrace, and each mad scene lit by the glare of volcanoes

hetween the North and South, which had

of savage passions!" Passing over the emotion evoked by the curious phrase, "the bay of tigers"-which is not geographical, of course, and net a pleasantry, any more than it necessarily would be if the author had spoken of the gulf of lions-we may remark the early introduction of the vigorous manner. Suraly our story, even in the beginning, roars as capably as the lions themselves. It thunders in the index. The following paragraph affords us some relief. It says:

But the long agony was over." Turning the leaf, we come upon Col. Ben Cameron, aged 19, lying grievously wounded in a hospital in Washington. This gallant young Confederate was stricken down literally at the cannon's mouth. Perhaps the bubble reputation hit him. His fine voice attracted the attention of the surgeon in attendance. The surgeon said to Elsie, the beautiful young nurse: His voice is one of peculiar tenderness, penetrating and musical. It goes quivering into your soul, and compels you to listen until you swear it's your brother or sweetheart or sister or mother calling you. The surgeon's description of Col. Ben's voice was calculated to interest a sympathetic and imaginative young woman. We dare say that Elsie made a note of it. As though what he had aiready said was not enough, this eloquent practitioner went on to describe the Colonel in battle. It is here that we see Col. Ben at the cannon's mouth.

Suddenly this boy sprang on the breastwork. He was dressed in a new gray Colonel's uniform that mother of his, in the pride of her soul, had sent him. He was a handsome figure—tall, slender, straight, a gorgeous yellow sash tasselled with gold around his waist, his sword flashing in the sun, his slouch hat cocked on one side and an eagle's feather in it. * * His naked sword flashed suddenly above that eagle's feather and his grizzled ragamuffins sprang forward and charged us like so many demons. * * Of course it was mad-We blew them down that hill like chaff before a hurricane."

The surgeon said in part:

All but the Colonel. He continued to advance. We shall see him at the cana mighty queer thing there. The story

script, and we said to ourselves that we would start the next page with a paragraph. We did this for a mechanical reason based largely upon a thought of what would be convenient for the printers, but we promise now to accompany Col. Ben without further deviation to the cannon's mouth. The

story goes on:
"A bullet had blown his hat from his head, and we could see the blood streaming down the side of his face. He charged straight into the jaws of one of our guns. And then, with a smile on his lips and a dare to Death in his big brown eyes, he rammed that flag into the cannon's mouth, reeled, and fell! A cheer broke from our

the wind that the bullet made and that

was great enough to blow off the Colonel's hat, but we remembered our promise and we did not do it. We stepped along to the cannon's mouth, resisting firmly all our vagrant inclinations; and if the reader finds it in his kind heart to thank us we shall be glad to have him do so. We must say that we ourselves feel a little beroic after this fairly desperate performance. Col. Ben's mother went to see the President about getting the Colonel pardoned. She noticed a number of things that are carefully recorded here and that go to show that Mr. Dixon is a master of the realistic and historic as well as the romantic and heroic styles. For one thing, she noticed that Mr. Lincoln's "feet were large, and that they rested on a piece of simple straw matting." The President was engaged in the exercise of mercy at a time when his Secretary of War was particularly unforgiving and truculent. Mr. Lincoln could discriminate, however, even under pressure of his merciful inclination. A man who had been put out of the army came to him impudently. "Mr. President," said he, "I see you are fully determined not to do me justice!" Lincoln took him by the arm and led him to the door. As he was about to thrust him out he said: "This is the third time you have forced your presence on me, sir, asking that I reverse the just sentence of a court-martial dismissing you from the service. I told you my decision was carefully made and was final. Now I give you fair warning never to show yourself n this room again. I can bear censure, but I will not endure insult!"

We will wager that that petitioner, if he kept sober, never came back. A German girl from the Western plains, who followed, obtained readily a pardon for her soldier brother, who had slept on post. "How," said Mr. Lincoln, "could I consent to shoot a boy raised on a farm, in the habit of going to bed at dark, for falling asleep at his post when required to watch all night? You seem an honest, truthful, sweet girl," he added, "and you don't wear boopskirts. I may be whipped for this, but I'll trust you and your brother, too. He shall be pardoned."

How different was Stanton! When Col. Ben's mother went to him, bearing the President's order for a pardon, he refused to receive it. It is painful to read of his discourtesy. "I have nothing to say to you," sa'd he to Mrs. Cameron, "and no time to waste on you. If you have raised up men to rebel against the best Government under the sun you can take the conno time to waste-go at once. I'll do nothing for you." Of course, be had to obey the President's order finally. The President himself came to see about it. He was pleasant with Stanton, but firm

But Stanton was hardly as important as old Stoneman of Vermont. Stoneman was leader in the House of Representatives. He was Elsie's father. He was a most implacable man. He wanted the South blotted from the map. His political hatreds housekeeper, a person who exercised much

PUBLICATIONS

PUBLICATIONS

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He wanted to see negro rule in the South. For all we know he wanted his housekeeper to be Oueen of Dixie. The Old Commoner, the story calls him. He had argue with you. I'll not waste my breath. conquered soil. I mean to blot it from the | State." map. Bather than admit one traitor to the halls of Congress from these so-called States I will shatter the Union itself in ten thousand fragments! I will not sit beside men whose clothes smell of the blood of my kindred. At least dry them before they come in. Four years ago, with yells and curses, these traitors left the halls of Congress to join the armies of Cataline. Shall they return to rule?"

Thus the Old Commoner to Mr. Lincoln.

We must say that the expressions, "the halls of Congress" and "the armies of non's mouth presently, and see him doing Cataline," remind us more of Mr. Dixon than they do of anybody who ever went "When the last man had staggered | to Congress from Vermont. Our impresack or fallen, on came this boy, alone, sion may be unwarranted, and the matter carrying the colors he had snatched from | is not important. In the halls of Congress a falling soldier, as if he were leading a themselves, upon the question of impeaching Andrew Johnson, the Old Commoner We beg pardon for interrupting the said: "Upon that man among you who author's description, but we came at that shall dare to acquit the President I hurl moment to the end of a page of our manu- the everlasting curse of a nation-an infamy that shall rive and blast his children's children until they shrink from their own

name as from the touch of pollution!" He was a good one, whether he came from the Green Mountains or from a mellower clime. There is a picture showing Chief Justice Chase starting up in obvious excitement from the presiding officer's chair as the Old Commoner says this. The agitation of the Chief Justice does not surprise us; we should think that anybody would have jumped. On the other hand, B. F. Butler and others present are full of an appearance of stolid unconcern, and this again does not surprise us, for we our-

We wanted to stop again to consider Doubtless the illustrator would have been at a loss to follow the historian narrowly at this point. "The effect," says Mr. Dixon, "was electrical Every Senator leaned forward to catch the lowest whisper, and so awful was the suspense in the galleries the listeners grew faint. When his last mad challenge was hurled into the teeth of the judges, the dazed crowd paused for breath and the galleries burst into a storm of applause. There is really nothing of this in the picture. We have studied t carefully, and have not found in it anybody who has the least appearance of having had anything hurled into his teeth.

But we do not blame the artist. It is not possible for us to dwell at any length upon the Ku Klux part of the story. We do not know that we should care to dwell upon it, for it is quite horrible. It is not nice and it is not sensible to tell us about looking into the eyes of dead people with a microscope, and by that means finding out who murdered them. "He first examined Marion's eyes. But in the cold azure blue of their pure depths he could find nothing. 'It's as I feared with the child, he said. 'I can see nothing. It is on the mother I rely. In the splendor of life, at 37, she was the full blown perfection of womanhood with every vital force at its highest tension.' He looked long and patiently into the dead mother's eye, rose and wiped the perspiration from his face. . . . What do you see? asked the younger man, bending nervously. 'The bestial figure of a negro -his huge black hand plainly defined -the upper part of the face is dim, as if obscured by a gray mist at dawn-but the massive jaws and lips are clear-merciful

God!-yes!-it's Gus! flattering to his understanding. Perhaps reconciled to the change when the scene he will like the peculiar literary touch including the "azure blue" of Marion's of the Pioneers. Here, too, we catch only delicacy as he goes on with the tale. Gus till he lands in the Bohemian Club and his was Captain of the African Guards. The Ku Kluxers caught him and hypnotized him, whereupon he reenacted the deed of murder. "The negro began to live the crime with fearful realism. * * * Gus rose to his feet and started acro-

the cave as if to spring on the shiver g distinguished guests of the Bohemians. figure of the girl, the clansmen, with muttered groans, sobs and curses, falling back as he advanced. He still wore his full Captain's uniform, its heavy epaulets approved by the W. C. T. U. flashing their gold in the unearthly light, his beastly jaws half covering the gold braid on the collar. His thick lips were drawn upward in an ugly leer and his sinsequences." He cried in a rage as she ister bead eyes gleamed like a gorilla's. ventured to expostulate: "I don't want | A single fierce leap and the black claws A single fierce leap and the black claws to hear another word from you! I have clutched the air slowly as if sinking into the soft white throat. Strong men began to cry like children."

They sent out the flery cross with circumstance which doubtless recommended itself to them. "The tall figure with the yellow sash and double cross stepped before the strange altar, while the white forms of the clansmen gathere | about him in a circle. He lifted his cap and laid it on the boulder, and his men gazed on the flushed face of Ben Cameron, the Grand Dragon of the (Fleming H. RevellCompany) is the four pages stops with the Reformation, the latter were really privately inspired. He had a Realm. He stood for a moment silent, of autobiography with which he introduces erect, a smouldering flerceness in his eyes, himself. If he must write, he has a good taking up half the volume. It was probably

held it blazing in his hand, while, in a voice

an extreme habit of speech. He said to has passed, the hour for action has struck.

Lincoln privately: "I see it is useless to The Grand Turk will execute this negro he had made his pile and reached his struck. I give you an ultimatum. The South is of the black Lieutenant-Governor of the ter equipped travellers had seen long before

Mr. Dixon and his clansmen, having already agent. It is likely that his book will be wel-

A Charming Book About Tuscany.

It is a pity that an odd and fantastic title, "The Medici Balls" (Charterhouse Press, New York), should hide the character of the delightful book of which Anna R. Sheldon and M. Moyca Newell are the authors. It is an account of seven excursions out of Florence into somewhat untrodden paths. In many of the places which they visited they found the Medici coat of erms and they rather whimsically imagine hemselves under their protection, whence their title. Perhaps the number of chapters made them pick out the seven balls of Piero de' Medici to decorate their cover, rather than the eight balls of Cosimo or the six balls of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

These are not arch mological or artistic or historical trips, but excursions into unknown Italy. The travellers are admirably equipped for anything that comes in their way; bits of architecture or sculpture or terra cotta or fresco they can enthough they are overfond of Ruskin. One purpose, as the illustrations show. But it s the out of door life, the people, the country, | warrant such treatment. sentimental gush.

visited. Another excursion was to the chianti Valley, where we hear more of the inner and the peasants' lives than of works f art, though they are not wholly lacking. Then there are trips to Prato, which some people know pretty well, and to Barga with its cathedral, again in the unknown,

The pictures are very many and they ilustrate. Many were taken by Miss Newell, others, especially those of works of art, follow the travellers in a manner with the eyes as well as the mind. A beautiful phopiece, and the process pictures are all well | torians do not. ione. The typography is beautiful and the binding original and in good taste. It s altogether a charming book and will make the reader want to go at once to Italy and see these things for himself.

Other Books.

Bright and amusing though it is. Mr. George Tisdale Bromley's volume of recolections, "The Long Ago and the Later On" (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco), is extremely provoking. Here we have a young gentleman of 87 of the most variegated experiences, a good fellow through all of them, and with a remarkably vivid memory, who starts to tell the story of his life. He begins charmingly with the Norwich of 1830; we look for a delightful picture of switches off suddenly to a whaler and the gracefully. Perhaps the reader will feel that that is African coast. Hardly have we become shifts and we find ourselves in the California eyes. Perhaps he will admire the author's glimpses of the author's varied experiences later vocation of a welcome afterdinner speaker. Of this and his consulship in China the account is satisfactory, but we cannot forgive Mr. Bromley for the condensation of the first fifty years of his life. He is much more interesting than the many The book fairly beams with geniality, and liquor flows on every page as generously as in the Pickwick Papers. It will not be

An extremely useful and comprehensible work has been written by Mr. Thomas Gold Frest in *A Treatise on the Incorporation and Organization of Corporations" (Little, Brown & Co.). The law on this important subject has been thoroughly digested and is presented in so clear and methodical a manner as to be understood even by laymen. It is put briefly and compactly. Next follows an elaborate "synopsis-digest" of the statutes of the several States and Territories; then comes an extensive collection of forms and precedents. Apart from its importance to lawyers it must be found very

useful in many business offices. The most interesting part of Mr. Edgar M. Condit's "Two Years in Three Continents"

quence of the acts of the Secessionists lying in his uniform at his feet, seized the his service in the army. His period of cross, lighted the three upper ends and prosperity in the insurance and real estate business is less likely to interest others. full of the fires of feeling, he said:

"Men of the South the time for words periences and impressions of a tour around The Grand Turk will execute this negro | he had made his pile and reached his sixtieth to-night and fling his body on the lawn year. He discovers many things that bethim and sees what he comes across through And so on. But we must really leave the eyes of a hustling Chicago insurance lingered with them much longer than we come to his personal friends; it may convey had intended. saw it in weekly letters to their county paper, possibly it may enlighten Chicago. To the world at large, however, it must seem one of those books that had better never have been written.

An alphabetical list of "The World's Commercial Products" is issued by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. With each article we find its name in French, German and Spanish, a brief but clear description of what it is, the place where it is made or found, and often the figures of importations or exportations in the British markets. It seems to be a very well made and usefu little book.

Perhaps there may be a surfeit of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi" in scrutable reason "rendered into English verse* by James Rhoades (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Mr. Rhoades we know only from frequent contributions of dismal, hopeless "verse," favoring the sonnet form, to the London daily newspapers. The form joy and comment on with just the right he employs here is that regarded by some touch, never suggesting the guide book, as "blank verse." namely, the printing of prose in evenly divided lines, often with carries a camera and uses it to very good little thought of rhythm. There is nothing in the unfortunate little Italian book to

that interest them most, and of these things A visit paid to John Burroughs by they write enthusiastically and without Clara Barrus, M. D., is related with excessive laudation and little discretion in a The first trip, for instance, is to the Mupamphlet published by the Poet Lore Comgello Valley. They go to Scarperia, which pany of Boston called "The Retreat of a this again does not surprise us, for the first trip, for instance, is to the selves have seen in halls resembling those selves have seen in halls resembling those of Congress just such a blank reception of has a beautiful tower, and take an all day Poet Naturalist." Naturalists seem to be have a blank reception of has a beautiful tower, and take an all day Poet Naturalist. "Naturalists seem to be drive to Borgo San Lorenzo and back. exciting as much hysteria as pianists do Who ever heard of Scarperia? The Borgo | nowadays. We imagine the outcome of is better known, but we cannot expect to | this publication will be that Mr. Burroughs find all the country round Florence un- will guard more carefully against people

> A series of interesting historical investiare from photographs by the best Italian topics treated by Dr. Shahan are Gregory dealers. The reader with their aid can the Great, Justinian, Islam, the Cathedra ogravure of Benozzo Gozzoli's portrait of of the Middle Ages. He writes excellent Lorenzo the Magnificent is the frontis- and readable English, which some his-

Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert breaks away from past history in his latest volume, "The Future of Roadmaking in America" (The Arthur H. Clark Company). This is a collection of papers by various hands on a subject of great importance, good roads, and the need and timeliness of the pleas they present may justify the inclusion of the

the bygone New England life, when he really short sermons, and are told very

For once we must find fault with a series published by J. M. Dent & Co. We do not believe that the "Temple Topographies" justify their existence. While the places selected may be typical the authors who write about them treat them in a conventional manner that conceals what may be characteristic. "Broadway," which Mr. Aigernon Gissing describes, is a village, and "Evesham." by Mr. Edmund H. New, a small town (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Each is visited by strangers to whom these volumes may be welcome guide books. but neither is important enough as presented here to arrest attention.

The life of Shakespeare is retold for the use of youth by Mr. Tudor Jenks in "In the Days of Shakespeare" (A. S. Barnes & Co.). It is interspersed with criticism of the plays and with much of the general information about the time. Mr. Jenks has too much knowledge of how little is known about Shakespeare to allow him to

take the leading part in the book. One great historian is said to have given

We have them now for some in-

who wish to look at him as a curiosity.

gations made by the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Shahan, professor of church history in the Catholic University at Washington, is published under the title "The Middle Ages" (Benziger Brothers). The essays show the ripe fruits of Catholio scholarship, and as nearly all deal with a time when Christianity was one, should be received with open mind by Protestants too. Among the builders, the Crusades, the Italian renaissance and various points in the social life

book in "The Highways of America" series.

It may be an indication of how widespread Canadian French has become in New England that we receive a volume of sketches in French, written by a priest of St. Hyaointhe, and beautifully printed at Fall River, Mass. It is called "Pastels," by Henri d'Aries, a pseudonym. (Daniel V. Wien, New York). The sketches are all of a religious character, many of them

up completing his history of Rome because he would not read the mass of Christian historical literature which would have to be sifted. We shudder to think of the countless volumes of dead eloquence that must have been looked into by Dr. Edwin Charles Dargan before writing "A History of Preaching" (A. C. Armstrong & Son). He begins with the Apostolic fathers and period, perhaps the more interesting, influence over him, who was not wholly something cruel and yet magnetic in his alert book at the end of his pour in the story of his as well to stop before the age of the great "The Supervision of Country Schools." Andrew white. His mills had suffered in conse-bearing. He looked on the prostrate negro life as a country boy, followed perhaps by Scottish and Puritan preachers, with their Sloan Draper, LL. D. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.)

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day-long exhortations. It may be that this scholarly account of preaching will prove more attractive than the sermons themselves.

There is too much in "La Gran Quibira." by Clara A. Corbyn, published by the author at Los Angeles, Cal., for ordinary intellects to grasp. There is a musical strain and a philosophic-mystic strain mingled with a romance, which seems to be partly autobiographical, and with the story of the hunt for the lost Seven Cities of Ciboly, one of which the author states lies under ground belonging to her in New Mexico. There is no doubt about the author's earnestness.

History may be written in various ways, and like most pioneers Mr. Royden Page Whiteomb in writing the "First History of Bayonne, N. J. * (R. P. Whitcomb, Bayonne, N. J.), has chosen the form of annals, a species of historical writing in which acouracy predominates over interest. The immediate incentive seems to be the approaching 250th celebration of the first settlement at Constable Hook. Mr. Whitcomb has put together a great deal of valuable material, and his account of the early settlements is interesting and careful. When he reaches modern times, particularly after Bayonne acquires its name and corporate existence, he follows official records perhaps too closely for general readers. He has, at any rate, put together material that will be indispensable to later historians of the metropolis of the Kill von Kull. We cannot have too many of these conscientious

Books Received.

local histories.

"Cottonseed Products." Leebert Lloyd Lamborn.
(D. Van Nostrand Company.)
"Under the Care of the Japanese War Office." Ethel McCaul. (Cassel & Co.)
"The Color Line." William Benjamin Smith. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) "My Appeal to America." Charles Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)
"In the Arcna." Booth Tarkington. (McClure,

Phillips & Co.)
"Mysterious Mr. Sabin." E. Phillips Oppenheim. Clittle, Brown & Co.)
"Sydney Smith." George W. E. Russell. (Macmillans.) The Celestial Surgeon." F. F. Montrésor. (Long-

mans, Green & Co.)
"Ghost Stories of an Antiquary." Montague Rhodes James. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
"Thoughts of a Fool." Evelyn Gladys. (E. P. "Thoughts of a Fool." Everyn Gladys. (E. P. Rosenthal & Co., Chicago.)

"The Rubalyat of the Commuter." Harry Persons Taber. (John Bridges, Briarcliff Manor. N. Y.)

"Labor Problems." Thomas Sewall Adams.
Ph. D., and Heien L. Sumner. A. B. (Macmil-

"Lawsonized Lyrics." Jyngo. (H. M. Caldwell on Draper, LL. D. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.)

and Country, in which periodical they have sequired an interest.

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Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston

"The Woman Trustee and Other Stories About Schools." C. W. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen.)
"Fifuleth Annual Report of the State Superin tendent of Public Instruction, 1904." (Oliver A. Quayle, Albany.)
"Pre-Maithusian Doctrine of Population."

harles Emil Stangeland, Ph. D. (The Columbia "History and Criticism of the Labor Theory f Value in English Political Economy." Albert Whitaker, Ph. D. (The Columbia University

Press: Macmillans.)
"Collier's Self-Indexing Annual, 1905." (P. F. The Poultry Book. Part XIV." Harrison Weir: edited by Willis Grant Johnson. (Doubleday, Page

"Priest and Man." J. Adelard Rene. (The Editor Publishing Company, New York.)
"The Grito." Moncure Lyne. (The Neale Publishing Company.)
"The Twentieth Century New Testament."
(Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"The Mediterranean Traveller." D. E. Lorenz, D. (Fleming H. Reveil Company.)
"The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics." William L. Scruggs. (Little, Brown & Co.)
"Dramatic Episodes." Marierie Benion Cooke.
(The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago.)

A new publication firm has been organ-

ized under the title of Moffat, Yard & Co. W. D. Moffat, for twenty years with Charles Scribner's Sons and lately business manager of Scribner's Magazine, and Robert S. Yard, manager of book advertising for the same house and editor of The Lamp, announce the formation of the new corporation, which will engage in a general publication business. They have also made an alliance with the publishers of Town

Harper's Book News. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold A plot of alluring complexities

-recalling the stories of Charles Reade. The author of this new novel, Samuel M. Gardenhire, made his reputation when he wrote "Lux Crucis." He knows how to tell a story with all the good old-fashioned merits of plot and situation, yet applied to the most compelling of present-day themes. It is Wall Street, the great powers of finance, the whirl of metropolitan gayety that give life and movement to these pages. The secret ways of big corporations-their sins and their virtues -are brought strikingly home to the American reader.

The Wonders of Life

Like the "Riddle of the Universe," which in this country and abroad sold hundreds of thousands of copies, this new volume by Ernst Haeckel will probably cause the widest comment. It is a popular study of the mystery of life, written to supplement the "Riddle" and set forth this eminent scientist's latest investigations. In these days of the dominance of fiction it is noteworthy to find a serious book taken so widely.

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